



## AROUND THE FARM.

## THE POULTRY.

**Profit in Poultry to Every Family—Sixty Per Cent. of Food from Waste of the Table—The Importance of Health for Productiveness of Eggs—Begin with a Small Number—Other Practical Suggestions.**

[Written for the Boston *Globe*.]

There are only a few who live the time, desire or need to engage in poultry breeding as a means of business, yet many would prize fresh eggs on their table, or choose, well-fed, freshly dressed chickens for their own eating. To grow poultry as nearly all farmers do, giving the chicks an unlimited range, the freedom of shed, stable and dooryard, is neither desirable nor profitable. Because, in the first place, in so many instances, those who otherwise would keep a few shrinks from following in the steps of their forefathers. There are not many house lots in any city in New England, that will not provide space for a flock of hens sufficient to supply an ordinary family with eggs. As a general thing the waste from the table will supply from 40 to 60 per cent. of the food required, and this is often more waste, but a source of revenue and a means of self-sufficiency. The crums of bread, onion, potato and turnip skins, apple parings, bits of vegetables of all kinds, cooked or raw, form just the necessary supply to the hens and keep them in good, healthy condition. A flock of 12 hens will supply a family of five with eggs and to keep such a flock a room 10x10 feet is needed. A second floor should be put in above the kitchen, and when the extra working space is secured and the productiveness increased, the size of the run of course must depend upon the size of the lot. The most essential thing is cleanliness; without it there can be no success no matter how large the runs and pens. One item of profit may be realized by attention to this. With a small yard and chickens raised upon the grass, just before going to roost. This will supply the green food necessary, and provide the exercise without which good health cannot be maintained. Upon the fancy of the person must depend the question of which breed to keep, depend. It is not so much of a question of breed as of attention and care. Fowls require a great variety of food in their diet, but the quantity must be reduced to a minimum consistent with health. One of the greatest troubles is we feed too much, and find our fowls when confined so fat that they can neither be healthy nor productive. In order to give the greatest number of eggs, our hens must be in a healthy, growing condition, neither poor nor fat; either extreme will retard the formation of eggs and thus stop their laying. So far as the feeding of the hens and sweepings of the pens valuable dressing will be collected, with which to enrich the garden and the lawn. The eggs are composed of the remains of scientific men pro and con it will be observed that their conclusions almost without an exception are to the effect that oleomargarine made from clean, pure beef is a healthful article of food when fed at us here, note the fact—"when properly prepared."

**THE TURKEY.**

Turkeys More Difficult to rear than Any Other Class of Domestic Poultry.

It is no doubt a fact that turkeys are more difficult to rear than any other class of domestic poultry; but the result, with a fair amount of success, is always most satisfactory because of the largeness obtained in the experiment with results of other experiments, appear to justify the claim that the turkey is a very light sandy soil and upon pure pearl seas, the less soluble and cheaper forms of phosphoric acid are likely to prove most satisfactory. But the director of the Pennsylvania station wisely cautions caution in the use of any new fertilizer, while it may be beneficial and greatly improve their laying. As a matter of economy we would urge upon the village readers of The Globe to try a small pen of hens next spring and summer. In taking care of them daily will find out-door exercise after the confinement of the day, and better health will generally be the result. Satisfaction and pleasure, as well as profits, will be derived, and the expense will be small, and sweepings of the pens valuable dressing will be collected, with which to enrich the garden and the lawn. The eggs are composed of the remains of scientific men pro and con it will be observed that their conclusions almost without an exception are to the effect that oleomargarine made from clean, pure beef is a healthful article of food when fed at us here, note the fact—"when properly prepared."

**THE EVERGREENS.**

Balls of Earth on Evergreens.

It is more essential to retain balls, or rather cakes, of earth on the roots of evergreen trees in removing them than for deciduous trees, because the roots of the latter are more easily pulled out than those of the former.

Those who reply in regard to the last year's report better, 12 about the same and 27 worse. At this rate we may expect a tolerably good season next year if things go on for worse to better, mean anything.

As to feeding, very little has been done on this subject, but the report, so will not be obliged to feed at all.

The remainder, 27, will feed some, but not much.

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## THE MYSTERY OF THE MILL

PREPARED FOR THE BOSTON GLOBE  
BY GEORGE REYNOLDS,  
AUTHOR OF "THE RED BAND," "THE SKELETON IN ARMOR," "WHY JAVAL NEVER MARRIED," ETC.

## CHAPTER XV.

## ANOTHER SUITOR.

The general and Michel hastened to the castle, but found it closed. Fortunately the accident was not a very serious one.

Two first-class carriages only had suffered material damage, and those contained only a dozen persons, of whom two or three had received injury.

One travel alone appeared to be seriously injured, for he had fainted, and when the general and Michel arrived they had not been able to restore him to consciousness.

While waiting for the arrival of a physician, M. de Nerthan took from his pocket a flask of brandy, which he sipped, and dropped a few drops down the unfortunate man's mouth, and in a few moments the sufferer recovered his eyes.

The general had many bones or received internal injuries, the shock had been such that he could not continue his journey without a few days' rest.

He was distinctly a strong man, and wore in his button the badge of the Legion of Honor; he was about 45 years of age, and his countenance, though denoted that he was a thorough gentleman.

The general offered him the hospitality of his house.

"I am a general de Nerthan," he said to him, to show him that he might be accepted as a protector.

The unknown who could not yet speak, owing to the shock he had received, replied after his departure, "M. de Nerthan took his wife and Sophie to Paris."

Sophie had yielded to his wishes reluctantly, but she did not wish to leave her guardians pain.

She was insensible to all the attractions of the city, and had been happy enough to return to Fontes.

One evening the general announced to Sophie that he desired an interview with her on a question which deeply concerned her future.

"I am old, my dear child, very old," he said, on opening the subject. "I may die tomorrow, and you will be left without a protector."

"I will protect myself, my dear father," replied Sophie, "but I do not wish to leave you alone, and I have no money."

"The unknown who could not yet speak, owing to the shock he had received, replied after his departure, "M. de Nerthan took his wife and Sophie to Paris."

Michel ran to the castle and presently arrived at the room where M. Tournier placed in it, and the party proceeded slowly to the house.

On arriving at Fontes the magistrate was taken into a chamber which they had hastily prepared for his reception, and the family physician, whom they had hurriedly sent for, arrived a few moments later.

After a careful examination of the patient he declared that beyond a few bruises there was no apparent injury, and that two weeks' rest would be sufficient to completely restore him to health again.

The prediction of the doctor was realized, and when M. Tournier had left his room and found himself sufficiently recovered to continue his journey, the general, however, begged him not to hasten his departure.

He is present at Fontes had brought a real diversion into the sad lives of those at the castle.

In the short time he had been with them, M. and Madame de Nerthan had come together again, and friend.

Sophie alone possessed a cold reserve; although still absorbed in her great grief, she had not failed to notice the marked attachment of the stranger, and when he had certainly conducted himself most discreetly, for she alone had remarked the emotion which he manifested in her presence.

One morning M. Tournier announced that, wishing no longer to continue to abuse the hospitality of the castle, he had decided to leave Fontes the next day.

"I regret," he said, "parting from such delightful hosts. Thank you, and your charming hostess, we have passed a never-to-be-forgotten fortnight; the happiest, perhaps, in my whole life; he added with a smile, "but I feel that I was intruding if I prolonged my stay."

"Intruding!" exclaimed the general. "If I did not know, I should believe that you were intruding by force of uttering such a thought."

"Wound you my heart!"

"I hardly dare, but you make me very happy by permitting me to call you that. Believe me, then, my dear friend, such an idea is far from me."

"I know it," cried M. de Nerthan; "but to punish you for almost doubting our hearts we shall have an additional two weeks' stay with us."

"But my dear general—"

"There is no but. I will not accept a but."

"What?"

"You are all so good, my affection for you increases so rapidly that if I remain longer I shall not have sufficient resolution to go."

"Really? Well then you can remain with us in the same room, until it has been done."

It had been months since he had even smiled.

He went on with a real emotion:

"You know how much good your presence here does us; we have not forgotten our great sorrow, we do not wish to forget it, but it brings some rays of sunshine into our darkened lives. Well! it is understood; you will not depart."

"Intruding!" Tournier entered his chamber, and his wife followed him with a smile.

"I am your heart,"

"I hardly dare, but I will not accept a but."

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It had been months since he had even smiled.

He went on with a real emotion:

"You are concealing something from me."

"It is true."

"In this case, I have nothing more to say, you may have reasons which I have no right to ask."

"I do not wish you to imagine that it is mere spite on my part."

"Nothing could be further from my thoughts."

"We shall have, why I depart. I love Sophie, your heart."

"You love Sophie!" cried the old man in surprise.

"I see now, I must—"

For a few moments, M. de Nerthan seemed buried in profound reflection; finally, he took M. Tournier's hand and said:

"We are, I wish, and I, before long Sophie will find herself without a protector. I do not wish to expose her to the world; my wife this evening, wait until tomorrow; I can perhaps give you hope, then in any event, I can give you advice."

"And what is your advice?"

The interview between Sophie and M. Tournier was simple and dignified.

"I have to tell you, my dear," said the young woman. In her dress of deepest mourning, she had rather the appearance of a widow than a girl; let me assure you, the honor you have wished to do me, I am incapable."

"I understand you, mademoiselle, but I do not dare to allow the great sorrow which has darkened your life."

"My father has told you all, I am aware of that, and I think that being a son, a short conversation with you will suffice to inform you that I had made simply made it known to you through others."

"I understand you, mademoiselle, but I do not dare to allow the great sorrow which has darkened your life."

"You are a good son, my dear," said the young woman.

"I understand that my age—forty-five."

"You have nothing to do with my decision; on the contrary, as I am situated, it would rather be a circumstance your favor."

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WEDNESDAY, DEC. 12, 1888.

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## KEEP THE BALL ROLLING.

CATHERINE COLE, a well-known Southern newspaper writer, puts it very mildly in saying that "fashion makes women neurotically inconsistent."

This lady, having recently visited Last Island on the Gulf coast, was led to declare war upon what she styles the "ornithological hat," by observing the revolting cruelties practiced by the bird hunters upon the feathered tribe, in order to procure fine plummage wherewith to adorn the hats of her tender-hearted sex.

The hysterical tenderness with which some love-breathing maiden bends over an only half-responsive English purr and caresses it is very touching to the horrid man who has long been out on the cold sympathies of the world; but she seldom realizes that the gaudy feather that hangs over her caresses is the price of a robed home, deserted little ones, and murder at the hands of the cruel bird-hunter's knife. Inconsistency is a very gross apology for such forgetfulness.

These birds are shot on the wing, so as least to disfigure them. They are then hung up by the beaks on wire racks and slowly murdered, the skin torn off, the legs broken and the brains removed. This is often done amid the frantic cries of their mates and little ones. All this in order to make fitting garniture for the tall gown of some fashionable belle in Paris, London or New York, who perches in the intervals of the many dance indulges in plaintive expressions of anxiety lest dear little Fuggy or Spitzie is not receiving proper care at home.

It yet may be that the "ornithological hat" is a necessity of our civilization, just as stacial little Fuggy is an outlet for the bottled agonies of super-refined love. Be that as it may, it is certain that the cruel work of maiming, torturing and killing birds is carried on so vigorously in Florida that birds of brilliant plumage are becoming extinct, so that tourists are beginning to protest against the wholesale slaughter in behalf of the millinery trade.

Who knows but the "ornithological hat" is made ridiculous. It says that parents ought to "have the good sense to give their baby a common, every-day name."

## NAMING THE BABY.

A Philadelphia paper editorially objects to the wholesale naming of babies after Benjamin HARRISON or Mrs. BENJAMIN HARRISON, or GROVER CLEVELAND or Mrs. GROVER CLEVELAND. It does so on the ground that these little boys and girls will, in most cases, grow up into very ordinary, everyday men and women, who will be "overweighted" by a presidential name and made ridiculous. It says that parents ought to "have the good sense to give their baby a common, every-day name."

That is where the Philadelphia paper makes a mistake. It may not be in good taste to name babies after presidents, but neither is it wise to give them such "common, every-day" names as make no impression upon the ear that hears them casually, or the eye that sees them written or printed.

KENNAN'S SIBERIAN ARTICLE.

The series of articles upon the exile and prison system of Russia, with which GEORGE KENNAN is now informing the English-speaking portion of the world, is a startling revelation, whose object is a far higher one than mere entertainment, and which may prepare the way for results by which the whole fabric of civilization will be benefited. He presents a panoramic picture of grosser tyranny, more brutal inhumanity and more reckless selfishness than have formed the staple of those lurid romances of mediæval times, which, in our fancied progress toward millennial conditions, we have dreamed belonged only to the days of long ago.

The quick sympathy with human suffering and instinctive protest against all forms of despotism which distinguish the people of this country will no longer permit us to wonder why nihilism should show such an aggressive and desperate front in the Russian empire. Rather the marvel is that resistance in some form, secret if necessary, should not have grown to such proportions as to sweep from the face of the earth the hateful system that is grinding and devastating so many thousands whom natural and rightful destiny is with the free and useful and noble people of the earth.

But it will hardly satisfy the philanthropic spirit of the age to indulge simply a passive indignation in the contemplation of this hideous wrong. Here are revealed suffering and sorrow, wantonly caused, and on an appalling scale. A large portion of the human race is under a bright. Industries are paralyzed. The vast natural wealth that Providence has placed at the hand of this misguided nation lies stagnant and waste because of the deadly working of a system and the brutal stupidity of the men who operate at. One half of the people seem to be spies or other instruments of the oppressors, while the other half, and by no means the worse one, is made up of their victims. No more deplorable condition of things in a vast empire boasting itself enlightened can be imagined.

Something more is here presented for the civilized world to think on than simply the objective spectacle as it has been presented.

The mismanagement of the moral balance of the habitable earth is a problem which every individual is or should be interested in.

It requires no demonstration to show that in the unreasoning and merciless greed of their system Russia is hurting not only her own but us and every other nation on

## FOR CHRISTMAS.

## A Burning Question Answered.

## What to Make for Holiday Presents.

## Best Gifts Those "Into Which Are Wrought"

## The Giver's Loving Thought," Says the Poet.

## Many Useful and Ornamental Articles Described.

## EDITORIAL POINTS.

President CLEVELAND received 100,000 more votes than HARRISON. Our GROVER didn't win the election, because the laws are not built that way; but he did win a handsome endorsement from the people, a large majority of whom voted against candidate HARRISON.

We are now happy to assure THE GLOBE's readers that our surmise was correct. Mr. CLEVELAND did receive more votes than Mr. HARRISON, and his plurality this year is larger than his plurality over BLAINE in 1884. He then had 62,683 more votes than Mr. BLAINE had. This year his majority over HARRISON is just about 100,000. It is 110,904 outside of Colorado, which has not been heard from officially; but HARRISON's majority in that State is being a little over 10,000. CLEVELAND's lead over HARRISON in the entire country will be round numbers 100,000. This is conceded by the New York Tribune. It is the largest plurality any candidate for the presidency has received since 1876, when SAMUEL J. TILDEN had a majority of about 250,000 over HAYES.

The people of this country, taken as a whole, voted last month for CLEVELAND and against HARRISON.

It is time to reform the laws which defeat the will of the majority of the people and give the presidency to the candidate of the minority.

## THE ORNITHOLOGICAL HAT."

CATHERINE COLE, a well-known Southern newspaper writer, puts it very mildly in saying that "fashion makes women neurotically inconsistent."

This lady, having recently visited Last Island on the Gulf coast, was led to declare war upon what she styles the "ornithological hat," by observing the revolting cruelties practiced by the bird hunters upon the feathered tribe, in order to procure fine plummage wherewith to adorn the hats of her tender-hearted sex.

Henry GEORGE in the Standard: I write on the seas, but under the flag of the German empire, for the American who nowadays crosses the Atlantic must leave the jurisdiction of the United States. The result? There are a variety of foreign flags under which we may sail, but "protection to American industry" has made it impossible that he should sail under the American flag.

## TEMPTED.

Dearest, I dreamed last night a dream of heaven. An angel loosed the chains that bound me here. It was not death—I felt no pain or terror, I took the angel's hand without a fear.

Dearest, I was so glad to leave earth's trouble. The angel led me to a land of beauty, where all is peace and quiet. And when I awoke, I found myself cool and re-elect him every can and not in a steaming. And yet we so much desire something in civilization that might be improved?

John L. SULLIVAN has challenged JAKE KILRNEY to fight for \$10,000 a side, and has put up \$5000, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Boston culture has seemed to be immersed in the soup of late, but in this challenge behold the dawn of the renaissance!

JOHN BIRKINSHAW quaintly remarks that "if a man has a good wife he should set perfectly still and bless God every 20 minutes."

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## FAMOUS WAR SONGS.

Efforts Made to Give America a National Air.

Something About the Most Popular of Our Patriotic Ditties.

The Great Battle Songs of France, many and Other Nations.

[C. F. Adams in Detroit Free Press.]

It is to be regretted that America can boast of no national air worthy of the grandeur and taste of France and Germany.

It is impossible to wholly admire either the words or music of the "Star Spangled Banner" or "Hail Columbia," and yet none of the later attempts have even approached them in simplicity, strength and earnestness.

The greatest American hymn, however, still remains to be written, and even during fame awaits the poet and composer who shall prove its master.

The time has come of "Yankee Boolee," which was our only national air in continental days, has been traced as far back as Oliver Cromwell's time, when, in words similar to our own, it was sung in defense of the great protector. The air was handed down by the Puritans, and finally became a favorite New England jingle. In the natural order of things it was next followed by the "Marsellaise," with its appropriate words by some one unknown, and a hymnster, and served as an excellent purpose in saving the British troops after some ignominious defeat that it was adopted throughout the colonies as the patriotic song of the "Sons of Liberty." At the present day no American Fourth of July or other festive occasion is complete without the "Boolee" and its perennial music bids us to last as long as the republic itself.

The revolutionary period afforded little scope in poetical or musical composition, and it was not until the war of 1812 that America's greatest national air was born.

The Star Spangled Banner was a pure product of the circumstances under which Francis Key composed the fanus; its verse are well known, but the author is not.

"What I want when I am cast away on a desert island," said Andramache, as she took a hairpin out of her head, and bending it into a hook fished her ring out of the drain pipe with it, "is a whole package of hairpins! If ever a woman writes a Robin Hood crusade story, she will have a heroine instead of a hero, and she will give her harpins to build her little cottage with, and to make wife matresses with, and then expects feats of immensity that will leave the Schonberg-Cotta family out of sight. Of course, in the order of nature," Andramache went on, straightening out the small but adaptable imp in her hand, and returning it to her French twist, "of course she ought to have the back of a hairbrush to drive and bend her pins with, but if that were the case, she would be so impossibly dressed that you would never guess she was a woman."

"Give me another instance, Tom."

"Well, do you remember the time the Spanish General Viceroy was captured?"

"I have heard of their first reading and of their being set to music are narrated by Mr. Hendon, who was one of the party, as follows:

"It was a copy and written in a scrawl that Horace Greeley might have mistaken for his own. He read it aloud once, twice, three times, and then the dry scenes described by its pathetic eloquence. An idea seized Fred Durang Huntington, up a volume of old flute music, which he had in his pocket, and he whistled snatches of tune after tune as they caught his quick eye. One, called 'Aman in Heaven struck his fancy, and it riveted him to his seat. He sat down in his unclerked pins, until, with a leap and a shout, he exclaimed: 'Boys! I've hit it!' and hitting the tune at the words, rang out the name of the song of the 'Star Spangled Banner.' How the men shouted and clapped, for never was there a louder or more boisterous cheer than that inspiring influence. It was caught up in the camp, sung around our bivouac fire, and whistled in the streets, and when peace came, it was scattered over the homes, carried to thousands of firesides as the most precious relic of the war of 1812."

The origin of "Hail Columbia" was less romantic, but it was an exceptionally fine place, considering its merit and subsequent fame. Like the former song, it was the only real work of its author, and was destined to follow him down to future generations, and achieved a celebrity of which in its hasty composition he could have little idea.

This song was written in 1798 by Judge Joseph Hopkinson, to oblige an actor named Fox, who sang it with great success at a Philanthropic Society in New Haven, Conn., the words were wedged in and have been generally used ever since.

The many stirring songs written during the great civil war nearly all are even now almost forgotten; but the irreasional music of the "Battle Hymn" has been carried to retain its well-deserved popularity. It was composed by Henry C. Work, who was also the author of "King Cotton," and the score of those patriotic airs, as well as many patriotic hymns, which have had remarkably large success.

The most successful rival of Mr. Work as a composer of military music was Dr. George F. Root of Chicago, whose "Battie Cry of '76" was a success, and the words were wedged in and have been played at nearly every concert since.

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